

# BLUE GRASS BLADE.

THE WORLD IS MY COUNTRY; TO DO GOOD IS MY RELIGION—TOM PAINE.  
DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE THEM DO UNTO YOU—CONFUCIUS.

EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

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*Charles P. Moore*  
Editor  
LEXINGTON, KY.

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## WHAT THAT STAR.

LIKE YOU, (\*\* MEANS, WHEN  
YOU SEE IT AFTER  
YOUR NAME.

There are many instances in which  
I believe, from various reasons, that  
persons would take the BLADE if  
they could see several consecutive  
copies of it, when they might not do  
it just from seeing a single issue.  
They are generally such persons as  
write for sample copies, and per-  
sonal friends of myself, or of my  
friends.

In many of these cases the BLADE  
will be sent to them marked with a  
star, like this (\*) after their names  
on their printed address which will  
show the date at which the paper  
starts to them.

In these cases it is, of course, de-  
sired that the parties shall pay for  
the paper, at the regular rates—\$1  
a year for a single paper, or 50 Cents  
each for 5 or more papers.

If after the parties have seen the  
paper long enough to determine  
whether they will want it, I most  
respectfully ask that they may either  
pay me for it, in advance, the regular  
way, or notify me to discontinue  
it and I will do so with thanks for  
the courtesy.

If friends of the BLADE know of  
persons who do not take it, and who,  
they believe, would take it, if they  
knew of it, I would be obliged if they  
would send me such names stating  
that they are "on the star plan."

## DAMNED DRUNKEN

Christian Devils Assassi-  
nate Their Christian  
Brother, Goebel.

Taylor Should Be Arrested As  
Accessory Before  
the Fact.

## DOWN WITH THE SKY-PILOTS.

Fifteen hundred years ago, Con-  
stantine, who murdered his own  
wife and children, started the Chris-  
tian religion.

From that day to this that religion  
has been the greatest curse that ever  
afflicted the earth.

This religion teaches that 6,000  
years ago God made the first man  
out of dust—not even mud—and the  
first woman out of a bone; that God  
cursed the whole human race because  
a snake made that woman eat an ap-  
ple; that God had a son by another  
man's wife, and that he had this son  
murdered in order to keep himself  
from sending all the human race to  
hell.

This son taught that any man who  
did not believe that piece of igno-  
rance and priestly lying would go to  
hell and burn eternally in fire and  
brimstone.

The Bible, in which these things  
are taught, favors drunkenness,  
murder, slavery, lying, stealing and  
lechery, and is so nasty and obscene  
that the United States Government  
fined and imprisoned J. B. Wise, of  
Clay Center, Kansas, for writing a  
single verse of it on a postal card  
and sending it through the mails,  
and it put me in the penitentiary for  
exposing the viciousness of this  
book.

They put me in the penitentiary  
because brute force was the only an-  
swer they could make to my argu-  
ment.

I told you that these fanatics  
would not stop at meeting Infidels  
with violence and brutality and the  
same kind of people that imprisoned  
me have now assassinated their own  
Christian Brother, William Goebel,  
because they could not beat him in  
argument.

The whole of Christendom, and  
especially the State of Kentucky, is  
run by a lot of lying, thieving  
priests and preachers, who with their  
pals and pimps live by telling these  
disgusting, nasty, Bible lies to their  
dupes; and this country will never  
attain the civilization of any of the  
heathen nations, until these lying,  
thieving sky-pilots are forced to  
make their livings by honest means,  
or sent to penitentiaries for failing  
to do so.

For fifteen years I have never  
voted for anything but Prohibition,  
and I never intend to vote for any  
other party, or even for that until  
Rucker is kicked out of the party.

All great murderers are Chris-  
tians. Booth a Catholic, and Guiteau  
and Prendergast, Protestants, the  
latter two claiming that they  
were specially chosen of God for  
their work, were the assassins of  
the Infidel Lincoln, and of the Chris-  
tians Garfield and Harrison, and the  
assassin of Christian Goebel will be  
found, if found at all, to be a Chris-  
tian.

I am not in any kind of affiliation,  
political, religious, or social, with  
either Taylor or Goebel, and never  
saw either of them.

Taylor should be arrested and  
tried as an accessory before the  
fact. If I were in his place and  
were innocent I would demand im-  
mediate investigation. If I were in  
his place and guilty I would do just  
as he has done, is doing, and seems  
to propose to do.

The facts against him are as fol-

lows: The man suspected of having  
assassinated Goebel, is Taylor's  
mountain neighbor and personal  
friend, Whittaker. Taylor has of-  
fered no reward, as Governor, for  
the arrest of the assassin and taken  
no steps looking to such arrest.  
Men from the mountains of Ken-  
tucky, a district the lawlessness of  
which is of national report, and who  
were in Frankfort by Taylor's con-  
nivance, if not his expressed will,  
stood in the way of the arrest of the  
assassin.

Taylor has expressed no personal  
regret or official condemnation of  
the crime, over his own name, and  
the little that has been said along  
that line seems to have been manu-  
factured for him by newspaper edi-  
tors.

Taylor's duty, as a citizen, was to  
go to Goebel and give Goebel all kin-  
dly assurance of his sympathy.

His duty as Governor was to offer,  
immediately, a reward for the arrest  
of the assassin. He has done neither  
of these. Instead of that he pro-  
poses to move the capital of the  
State to his own home in the moun-  
tains, the only consideration for so  
doing seeming to be the safety of  
himself and the danger to his ene-  
mies.

As a political issue I have no in-  
terest in the matter. I simply want  
to show the people of this country,  
that any country governed by an irra-  
tional and immoral religion and led  
by a gang of rascally priests and  
preachers will not be satisfied sim-  
ply to imprison Infidels, but that  
they will even assassinate their own  
Christian brethren now, as they  
have always done, when it suits  
their interest to do so.

Down with the church; down with  
the priest; down with Christianity!

## WHAT THEY SAY

About My New Book "Be-  
hind the Bars; 31498."

Judge J. Soule Smith said "I read  
it with much interest; it is very  
enjoyable." Prof Mackenzie, Chair  
of English Literature, State Col-  
lege, Lexington, was indistinctly  
heard to say, in substance, about  
the following: "If it were properly  
advertised it would sell right along  
with David Harum."

Prof. Burke, Superintendent of  
Public Instruction, wrote a mutual  
friend, "Well I read it through,  
and I want to say to you that it is  
charming—a surprise to me; a psy-  
chological study; some childishness  
mixed with a lot of wisdom, but  
charmingly expressed and interest-  
ing."

It is Moore up and down and on  
all sides—a character in Freethought  
history, surpassing Peter Cart  
wright in Christian history, and  
well worth the investment and  
perusal of any man. I bought two  
copies."

## JOHN RUSKIN DEAD.

John Ruskin of London, England,  
has lately died, aged 81. He was  
one of the great men of the age.

While I suppose it would hardly  
be fair to claim him as an Infidel he  
was probably not by any means an  
orthodox Christian.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones says of him:  
"In his way he was a kind of En-  
glish Tolstoi. . . He ameliorated the  
doctrines and dogmas of the church."

James Martineau, by the study  
of philosophy and the history of  
religion, made religion cosmopolitan  
and identical with inspired and in-  
spiring ethics. John Ruskin in re-  
viewing the beautiful reached a sim-  
ilar result."

## FUNNY PREACHER

A preacher from Oklahoma—away  
yonder where the sun goes down—  
came to my office the other day and  
said he wanted the BLADE and my  
new book.

He said of a preacher who cuts  
some ice in this berg, "I went to  
school with that fellow and he hasn't  
sense enough to pound sand into a  
rat hole."

It was a new one on me. I will  
have use for it.

## VERSUS COVER- NOR GOEBEL.

WITH TWO BIG G'S.

Jan. 31, 1900.

Dear Bro. Moore:—  
I dropped in on me yes-  
terday—said he had bought two  
copies of your book, and wanted to  
know if I had seen it. I told him  
"No." He said " (Here fol-  
lows quite a long and exceedingly  
complimentary opinion of the book  
—Editor.)

I give you his opinion, as you, no  
doubt, will be interested in the im-  
pression it gives, especially to men  
of such education, culture and judg-  
ment as . . .

I will frankly say to you that I  
don't think the synopsis of your  
book a good advertisement, and that  
it will keep a good many from buying  
it.

There is too much sentiment  
bordering upon the love-sickness of  
youth; which does not comport  
with the sobriety of the age.

This is all right with those who  
know you intimately, and who know  
that you are largely governed by  
the affections; but to the casual ob-  
server, or stranger, your love  
stories are childish in the extreme.

It makes the same criticism,  
but says that this weakness is large-  
ly forgotten in the general interest  
of the book, and, in some way, adds  
to its charm from a psychological  
point of view.

Well, I am glad to hear him speak  
approvingly, as I feared you had  
made a miserable botch of it, know-  
ing that you wrote very hurriedly,  
and under the sting of your trial,  
and I feared that you would not, un-  
der the circumstances, express your-  
self as philosophically, prudently,  
and temperately as you might have  
done under different circumstances.

The preachers of Frankfort  
ought all to be indicted as distur-  
bers of the peace. When Colson  
killed three men, the preachers all  
went into humiliation and prayer,  
and hardly had they recovered from  
their humiliation when Goebel got a  
ball.

The Lord was either pleased or  
displeased at them (I don't think he  
cared a darn, one way or the other—  
Editor) and recent events show that  
he was either displeased or didn't  
care a damn how many politicians  
killed each other.

In speaking of Goebel I will say  
that it is a pity that he was not  
killed, as shameful as was the at-  
tempt to kill him.

He is a dangerous man, unscrupu-  
lous and unprincipled. He wants  
an office that he was not elected to  
by 50,000.

He has been mercenary enough to  
disregard the consequences of inevi-  
table riot, the blighting of hundreds  
of homes and making widows and  
orphans. He knew, for weeks, that  
this would be the result, and that all  
that was wanting was the rash act  
of some drunken man, or fanatical  
partisan. He has invited not only  
his own death, but the deaths of  
many others.

He has not cared how much death  
or unhappiness this contest would  
bring, so he could carry out his  
dishonest political aims.

He would always have been a dis-  
turber in the Democratic party, and  
the worst fate that could happen to  
the party would be to have him rep-  
resent it, in any way.

The happiest solution of the case  
is his death, followed by enough  
good sense of the people to let it end  
there. But such is politics.

Hoping you are well and hearty,  
and with kind regards to all, I re-  
main,  
Yours Faithfully,

[Editorial Reply]

I give no names because the letter  
may not be intended for publication.  
Judge Jewell, of Lexington—good  
Campbellite—immortalized himself  
by saying "Politics is hell."

You wrote me a note when I was  
in the penitentiary warning me "not  
to pose as a martyr," and now be-  
fore you have read my book, you are  
kicking, because, like "Mr. Tapley"  
I got "jolly under difficulties."

If I were to write a book as good  
as the Bible somebody would kick.  
One of my best friends, who is one of  
the smartest men in Kentucky,  
lately warned me to "keep out of  
politics." Whenever I see a door  
with "No admittance" on it, I al-  
ways go in there.

That's the way I have learned  
more than other people. When a  
man warns me against anything I

## "THE YALLER DORG,"

What Miss Elvira Sydnor Miller, The Brilliant "Tattler" of  
The Louisville Times Says of  
Parson Rucker.

The following letter was received by Mr. Louis Pilcher and sent  
in care of "Mr. Charles C. Moore, Quakerchre," Lexington, Ky.:  
LOUISVILLE, KY., THURSDAY, FEB. 1, 1900.

MY DEAR MR. PILCHER:—

I thank you for the book written by Editor Moore. Like him I  
have also been sentenced to the "pen" and having heard much of him  
I took a special interest in his volume. Here is my low-neck opinion  
of the man I detest infidelity, but also sham Christianity. I have  
no use for these saints in the front door and sinners in the back gate,  
and I believe this man is honest. I am a convert to the Catholic faith  
but 'dead agin' persecuting any man, woman or child for having  
sentiments different from mine. If I wished to pay a grudge to those  
with whom I warred, ridicule, not abuse, or tyranny, should be my  
weapon.

Moore's enemies made the mistake of their lives when they ran  
him in; they could not have advertised him better had they scratched  
their think pans and thought for years. These very folks are often  
stupid, yet, I nevertheless, have a respect, for these I believe act up to  
what they think is best. Professor Rucker, who ran a Prohibition  
paper and took distiller money, seems to be the yellow dog of the book  
and he showed Editor Moore plainly that when you cast your bread  
on the waters it generally comes back to you unfit for food. On one  
thing at least Editor Moore can congratulate himself; he has evidently  
converted the giddy town of Lexington to morality, and God knows  
that was a job which left the cleaning of the Augean stables out of  
sight.

As a rule I have noticed that the people who write or speak the  
broadest usually lead the best live in private; but why the people of  
the State in their grand, moral play have not run Sam Jones in, is  
something that keeps me guessing. That man forges checks on heav-  
en every time he unbuttons his mouth. Strange to relate I have never  
seen the BLADE, but I find the book most entertaining. I had a bad  
attack of illness this summer and my mother has been ill since, and I  
am so tired I envy Editor Moore his two years rest in the pen.

Kindly pardon haste as I have a very sick dog to look after which  
is walling with some malady and refusing to be comforted. I thank  
you for the book "Behind the Bars," and assure you it gave me pleasure  
to find in its pages mention of many friends of my family though I  
regret to know some of them let their love grow cold towards your  
friend.

Most Cordially,  
ELVIRA SYDNOR MILLER.

EDITORIAL COMMENT—She's a warm baby, and if I ever get to be a  
widower that girl is going to have a show for my No. 2.

always go right into it, because I  
know there's apt to be something  
interesting in it.

"The Goebels will git you if you  
don't watch out."

I have not voted for anything but  
Prohibition—large P—for 15 years,  
and never expect to vote for that  
until I am officially notified, notarial  
seal, that Rucker has been kicked  
out of the party, if not out of Ken-  
tucky, with a boot not less than a  
number 9.

You don't live in Kentucky and I am  
here right in the midst of the rum-  
pus and I know more about it than  
you do.

My only way of estimating the  
comparative merits of Governors is  
by calculating their liability to help  
me out of the penitentiary when the  
Christians put me in; and I would  
rather take my chances under Goebel  
than Taylor, whose name shows  
that it would take "nine of him to  
make a man."

I wasn't going to take any hand in  
this racket but when Taylor's hired  
man shot Goebel with smokeless  
powder from ambush, and Taylor  
never said he was sorry, and didn't  
offer any reward for his pard, and  
wanted to move the legislature up  
into the mountains where the devil  
would be afraid to go, then I had to  
speak my piece.

You say of Goebel that "it was a  
pity that he was not killed," but  
that the attempt to kill him was  
"shameful."

It's that kind of talk that makes  
me say of preachers that they are  
all fools.

If Goebel ought to have been killed  
how in the devil can it be shameful  
that Taylor's pal didn't kill him?  
Soak your head or keep out of  
politics.

P. S.—The above was written be-  
fore Governor Goebel died.

## OUR SAMSON WASN'T IN IT.

Mark Twain seems to be coming  
over to the Infidel gang.

In a recent article he tells that  
Christianity does not convert the  
Hindoos because our Bible miracles  
are not so large as theirs.

A Hindoo in arguing for his re-  
ligion as against Christianity is re-  
presented as saying as follows:

"In the old, old times, ages and  
ages gone by, when our god Rama  
was warring with the demon god of

Ceylon, Rama bethought him to  
bridge the sea and connect Ceylon  
with India, so that his armies might  
pass easily over; and he sent his  
general, Hanuman, inspired like his  
own Samson with divine  
strength, to bring the materials for  
the bridge. In two days Hanuman  
strode fifteen hundred miles, to the  
Himalayas, and took upon his shoul-  
der a range of those lofty mountains  
two hundred miles long, and started  
with it toward Ceylon. It was in the  
night; and, as he passed along the  
plain, the people of Govardhan  
heard the thunder of his tread and  
felt the earth rocking under it, and  
they ran out, and there, with their  
snowy summits piled to heaven,  
they saw the Himalayas passing by.  
And as this huge continent swept  
along overshadowing the earth, up-  
on its slopes they discerned the  
twinkling lights of a thousand sleep-  
ing villages, and it was as if the  
constellations were filing in proces-  
sion through the sky. While they  
were looking, Hanuman stumbled,  
and a small ridge of sandstone twenty  
miles long was jolted loose and  
fell. Half of its length has wasted  
away in the course of the ages, but  
the other ten miles of it remain in  
the plain of Govardhan to this day  
as a proof of the might of the inspi-  
ration of our gods. You must know,  
yourself, that Hanuman could not  
have carried those mountains to  
Ceylon except by the strength of the  
gods. You know that it was not  
done by his own strength, therefore  
you know that it was done by the  
strength of the gods, just as you  
know that Samson carried the gates  
by the divine strength and not by  
his own. I think you must concede  
two things: First, that in carrying  
the gates of the city upon his shoul-  
ders, Samson did not establish the  
superiority of his gods over ours;  
secondly, that his feat is not sup-  
ported by any but verbal evidence,  
while Hanuman's is not only sup-  
ported by verbal evidence, but this  
evidence is confirmed, established,  
proven, by visible, tangible evidence,  
which is the strongest of all testi-  
mony. We have the sandstone  
ridge, and while it remains we can-  
not doubt, and shall not. Have you  
the gates?"

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